to pass.

Arthur and Ruth were together a great deal, and it was plain to see that between them there existed a strong friendship from the beginning. It was easy for such friendship to ripen into love, when circumstances threw them into each other's company almost constantly. So urged Aunt Rachel.

She had watched Ruth closely after the received and the constantly of the con

She had watched Ruth closely after the re-She had watched Ruth closely after the re-ceipt of Mrs. Nugent's letter. For the first few days there had been traces of a struggle with herself in Ruth's face, which eyes sharpen-ed by a knowledge of the facts could easily de-tect. But Arthur, ignorant of it all, never sus-pected what made the girl more grave and thoughtful than she had seemed at first. It might be a phase of her character which he was discovering for the first time

might be a phase of her character which he was discovering for the first time.

Ruth had fought her battle bravely, and come off conqueror—that is, in a degree, There was a sore spot in her heart yet, and it seemed to her there always must be. But she had developed strength enough to rise above her disappointment, and face the truth unfinchingly. She could fight the battle of life single-handed. Because she was a woman, she would not sit down idle. Because so many women shrank from doing the work they might do, and the work they ought to do, she believed, she would take her fortune bravely in her own hands, and prove to the world that she was not like them. She had a living to carn. She would carn it like a woman!

As the days went by and her month of rest

As the days went by and her month of rest drew near its end, she became conscious that what she had hoped against, had happened. Arthur loved her.

Perhaps it seems strange to some reader that this young woman, who had been deceived in the man she loved, should hope against being loved by a man she firmly believed to be the soul of truth and honor. It was not at all strange that Ruth should do this. It was the most natural thing in the world for her to do. She had not that kind of heart which can love one man toolay, and another man to more your conservant. sae had no car, and another man to-morrow.

She had respect and friendship for Arthur, but she had no love to give him. That had been given to Robert Haviland.

The knowledge that Arthur loved her brought a keen pain with it. To know that she must

a keen pain with it. To know that she must say no to his offer, if it came, and she knew it would, troubled her. Because her own heart had been hurt so cruelly, she was tenderly considerate of the hearts of others.

Once, and once only, she asked herself if it was necessary that she should say no to Arthur's plea. She could give him complete trust, and as much respect as she could have given Robert if he had become her husband. And aunt Rachel wished it. But her heart, sternly true to fits sense of honor, said No! She had no love to give. No woman had any right to marry a man she did not love. If she did so, she wronged the man she married, and was guilty before God. guilty before God.

guilty before God.

They were climbing one of the great hills
that clasped hand with other hills, and made a
circle to gird Winsteil in from the outside
world, when Arthur fold her that he loved her,
and asked her to be led the and asked her to be his wife They had come to a fallen tree half-way up

the slope. "Let us rest." Ruth said. "It's hard work "It is, if you climb alone," responded Arthur "You have persisted in refusing all my offer "I like to feel that I am not dependent or anyone but myself," answered Ruth.

Of course it affords one a certain sort o satisfaction to feel that he is not obliged to de-pend on anyone but himself; but I think all of us like to be helped by somebody else," Arthur said. "It may not be because we need the

said. "It may not be because we need the help, but there is a sense of sympathy and comradeship in it which it is natural for everyone to long after. We don't like to go alone."
"No," she said, looking down the hill into the quiet of the valley. "We do not like to go alone. But many of us must." She said this like one talking to herself, and a grave shadow gathered in her eyes. There were times when she looked ahead, and saw the way she must go in loneliness; and the prospect was dreary. She was looking down the path now. It seemed. was looking down the path now. It seemed drearier than ever. She shivered when she thought of the times that would come, when she grew weary and longed for a strong arm to lean upon. To put out one's hand, and find nothing! The thought brought a look of pain

into her face.
"Ruth," Arthur said, sitting down beside her. "I made up my mind this moraing to tell you that I love you. What better time than this? I do love you, and I want you for my wife. May I have you, Ruth! Shail we climb the bill to

Oh, Arthur!" she cried, and her eyes filled with tears, as she looked into the honest face that was turned so hopefully to hers. "I am sorry, very sorry, that you ever asked this,—for it cannot be as you would have it."

The eager, confident light died suddenly out of his face.

Do you mean it, Ruth?" he asked, brokenly, "Yes, or I would not have said it," she answered. "I have, in al. the world, no dearer friend than you. If I ever need help. I shall turn to you first of all. But I have not that love to you which a woman should give the may

He turned his face to the hill-tops across the valley, and there was a slience of many moments between them.

She was the first to break it.

"Perhaps I ought to tell you why I mean to climb the hill alone," she said. "But—I would rather not. Only I thought you had more of a right to know that any one cise."
"I do not ask you to tell me anything." he said. "It does not matter why you have determined to climb alone, if that determination can

not be changed, and you cannot climb with

me."
"Then I will not tell you," she said. "But I will tell you this, \$ Arthur, for no man living have I more regard than for you. Will that make the disappointment any the less hard to bear! I shall always consider you as my best

be more to each other," he said, and held out his hand to her. "I had hoped—" and then he shut his lips together, as if to keep back the words which would struggis up to them for ex-pression. Since he had hoped in vain, what use to take of it.

"And so have others," she said, as she laid her hand in his warm clasp. And from the way she said it, he knew that back of her refusal lay a reason that was full of sorrow and pain.

They went down the hill-rath silently. Neither cared to talk. There are some troubles which can best be born in silence. This was one of

Arthur's face had such a grave, disappointed look in it—so unlike its usual light-heartedness—that Ruth's eyes would fill when she looked at it. A fragment of an old song came to her. The tender heart, the true heart

Is light as any feather; But it is faithful to its ow. In any kind of weather.

"His heart would be true, I know," shought; "oh! if Robert had been us true!" Aunt Rachel stood on the plazza when they

came up the path.
"I have planned and failed," she said, when she had looked into their faces, and turned away with a bitter feeling of disappointment. CHAPTER IX.

Aunt Rachel and Ruth were together alone in the quiet of the old sitting-room, next day, Arthur had taken his gun and gone away after breakfast.
"Well," Aunt Rachel said, "is there anything to tell, Ruthi"

to tell, Ruthi"

Her tone was not one of hopeful expectancy; rather of accepted disappointment. Ruth was a Nugent; with them, no meant no. They were not likely to reconsider their words. They considered well before they spoke them. That had always been characteristic of the family.

"Not much," answered Ruth, coming and standing behind her aunt's chair, and letting her hands pass softly over her thin gray locks. "Arthur asked me to marry him yesterday. That is all."

"All!" Aunt Rachel uttered the word with a little sound of bitterness in it. "All!—was that not much!" "Not much to tell," answered Ruth. "The

magnitude of the act I understand well enough, in all its bearings."
"And you refused him!"
"Yes, I refused him." answered Ruth. "I had to, Aunt Rachel. You would have me be honest with, and true to myself, wouldn't you!"

"Yes," answered Aunt Rachel. "But some-times we are mistaken in what we think is right. You are sure you make no mistake of that kind, Ruth!"

"Quite sure," answered Ruth. "When a woman marries a man she should feel certain of her regard for him. She should know that she gives him love—not friendship. You believe that, don't you, Aunt Rachell"

"Yes."
"Well, I acted in that belief. I knew, before be asked me, that I had only friendship for him
—a strong, warm friendship, but lacking that
element which makes of such friendship the
love he asked for. Lacking that, did I not do
right in telling him that I could not marry
him?"

"Yes, I suppose so," answered Aunt Rachel illists, althoug lowly. "Indeed"—with a sudden sense of in boxing mustice in the tone of her reply—"I know you cial Bulletin.

did, Ruth, if you are sure—quite sure—of yourself. But I am sorely disappointed. I had
hoped it might be, so much, my dear."

"I am sorry for your disappointment, and
sorrier for Arthur's." Ruth said, feeling more
keenly what she had done because of the kinduess in Aunt Rachel's voice and words. If I
had only known what you wanted to be before
I came, I would have staid away, and this
trouble would have been spared us."
"I should have gone on planning and hop-

"I should have gone on planning and hop-ing," said Aunt Rachel. "If it must be so, it is well to know it now. You have thought it all over thoroughly, Ruth?" with a vague hope that there might be some way of thinking it out differently ve.

differently yet.
"Yes, I have thought it over in all ways," answered Ruth, "and always it came to the same end. I had not the love to give that I should

give a husband."

"You have thought of the dreariness of a long life lived out alone, Ruth!" queried Aunt Rachel—"as mine has been. Have you thought of that?"

of that?"

"Yes, of that, too," answered Ruth, with her eyes on the road leading up the hill they had elimbed yesterday.

She saw a woman climbing the steep alone. Up the rocks and among the tangled thickets led the path, and the lonely climber often paused in the way. Footsore, faint, she turned to the right and to the left, as if by the prompting of an instinct that suddenly asserted itself, in search of companionship and comfort. None were there. She must climb on alone. No matter how weary she grew, there was no arm were there. She must climb on alone. No matter how weary she grew, there was no arm to lean on; no matter how lenely, there was no contrade near; no matter how starved her heart, there was no food of love to satisfy its longing—yea, its needs!

She turned away from the vision of the hill-side-path with a sigh. It was hard to climb alone, but it must be. If Robert could have climbed with her!

Robert!—niways Robert! She almost hated.

climbed with her!
Robert!—always Robert! She almost hated herself for being unable to think of him without the old tenderness rising and asserting itself before she could prevent it. But she could not help it yet. In time she might outgrow the weakness. She hoped so. It gave her a feeling of disgast with herself to think how weak she was in that respect.

"Well, if what I have hoped for cannot bewhy, it cannot, and there is no more to be said

why, it cannot, and there is no more to be said about it," Aunt Rachel said with a sigh. "Poor Arthur! I know he loved you, Ruth. He has told me that he never cared for any woman." "Yes, I know he loved me," answered Ruth, otwithstanding it gave her keen pain to sink how much her refusal must hurt him, the thought that some one loved her as every woman is glad to be loved brought a warm glow to her

cart. "I wish I could give him what he asks for!" Ruth cried. "For his sake, for yours, for my own. I wish it from the bottom of my heart. But I cannot—I cannot." She turned away to hide the tears that came, and presently she left

the room.
"Poor Ruth," Aunt Rachel said, slowly, with "Poor Ruth," Aunt Rachel said, slowly, with her thoughts going back to her own girihood. She is doing as I did—can I blame her! I loved a man, and because he was not for me I would accept no other. I had no love to give, Did I do right! I thought so then. I hardily know what I think now—only that when a woman lives her life alone as I have, she finds it very dreary, very sad, and wonders at times, if it is worth living. But it will be different with Ruth. She will not rust out as I have. She will be less lonely than I have been, because she will be less lonely than I have been, because she will be busy with something, and some day perhaps, she will change her mind. I hope so." At last the end of the month was at hand. Aunt Rachel urged her noice to stay longer; but she would not.
"I must go back to work," she said resolutely

"I have had a long resting-spell. It doesn't agree with me to be idle." She and Arthur were in the garden when they

sald good-bye to each other.

"I know there is no use in asking you if you have changed your mind since you answered the question I asked you that day, up on the hill," he said, half hopefully. It is so hard to let a hope of that kind die!—so hard."

"No," she answered. "Forget about me as you think of me now, Arthur, and let us be brother and sister to each other."
"I will be a brother to you,"he answered, "but I cannot forget."
"I shall expect to see you and hear from you often," she said. "If I do not, I shall feel that you have not quite forgiven me for what I could not help doing."

you have not quite forgiven me for what I could not help doing."

"There is nothing to forgive," he answered, carnestly. "I do not blame you Ruth. I respect you for it, for it proves to me that there is one woman in the world too noble, too true to herself to be untrue. I would have been satisfied with what you have to give, but I know I need not ask for it. You have decided, and that ends the matter."

"You will some day find some woman who "You will some day lind some woman who will take the place you offered me, I hope," she said, as they turned to go up the path to the plazza, where Aunt Rachel was waiting to say good-bye. "You cannot think how glad I would be to hear such news, Arthur."

in parting. He took it in an earnest, I "God bless you," he said, brokenly, and then he let go his clasp, and turned and walked down

"Yes, I will come," answered Ruth. "You don't think of going away, do you?"

"Perhaps I may," answered Aunt Rachel with a strange, gravely thoughtful look in her eyes. "If I do, I shall never come back," she added, and it seemed as if she was talking to

Ruth wondered what she meant. It was im-sessible to think of Aunt Rachel's going away from the old homestead. Others might go and me, but she was not like them.

come, but she was not like them.

"We'll have to be sprv, of we ketch the train," warned Jonas. "Ol" White-face, he ain't a two-forty horse, ye know."

"Good-bye, Aunt Rachel," cried Ruth. "Don't think hard of me because I couldn't do as you wanted me to," and her arms were about the other's neck, her tears falling fast on the thin, wrinkled face she was never to see again in life."

"I don't" was Aunt Rachel's reply, as she kissed Ruth's face over and over again. "I know there's some trouble you haven't told me about, dear,—but I pray it may all come right. Good-bye, Ruth, and may God make your life happy, and not such a lonely one as inine has been."

Aunt Rachel's parting words lingered in

Aunt Rachel's parting words lingered in Ruth's ears like a benediction as the Winsted hills hid the old homestead from sight, and she went back to begin the battle of life alone. TO BE CONTINUED.

We are indebted to a "staff corres-

pondent" for the following anecdote concerning the recent registration of female voters in Boston. Its accuracy is vouched for by an eminent artist—one of the most distinguished stone-cutters of the Hub.

Enter old lady of a certain age. "I wish to register, sir."

"Your name, please?" "Almira Jane Simpson."

"Your age?" "Beg pardon," "Your age?"

"Do I understand that I must give my

"Yes, Miss, the .nw requires it." "Worlds, sir, would not tempt me to give it! Not that I care. No; I had as eif wear it on my bonnet, as a hackman does his number; but I'm a twin, and if my sister has a weakness, it is that she dislikes any reference made to her age; and I could not give my own, because I don't wish to offend her."

MARRIED A NUN .-- The sensation of the day in Yankton, Dak., is the wedding of Miss Nellie Kerns, who is a nun in the Academy of the Sacred Heart, under the name of Sister Mary Paul, and Dr. V. September 1, well-known physician. He is an ex-Russian known physician. He is an ex-Russian Nihilist who came to America six years ago after being exiled in Siberia. Their acquaintance began during his profes-sional visits at the Convent. Yesterday Sister Paul drove in the Convent earriage to the house of a friend, passed through to another house, changed her clothes, and was married by a clergy-man who knew her well but failed to recognize her in ordinary lady's clothes. She then reassumed her robes and re-turned to the Convent.

Manufacturers of lucifers are not pug-ilists, although they are often engaged in boxing matches.—Boston Commer-

CAUSE FOR APPREHENSION.

Why Mysterious Physical Troubles Arouse Special Bread--- A Profes-sional Experience.

Few things give more pain than dread or apprehension. Most people are able to face danger heroleally, but the sudden and unexpected coming of some in-definite calamity very naturally strikes terror to even the bravest. For this reason lightning and tornadoes are con-sidered terrible; their coming and going are so sudden, unannounced and unknown. For this same reason an unknown disease, some poison in the blood, some malady that is gradually undermining the life, is specially dreaded by all thinking people. And, in-deed, there are good reasons for such dread, for modern science has discovered that some virulent disorders show the least signs in their beginnings, while they have the worst possible symptoms. We know of many persons who have dull and uncertain pains in various portions of the body; who are unnaturally tired one day and apparent ly well the next; who have an enormous appetite at times and a loathing of food on thereafter. Such persons are really in a dangerous condition even though they may not realize it. The following tatement of a most prominent physician, who has had unusual opportunities for investigation is of so striking and important a nature that it will be with interest by all; ASSOCIATED CHARITIES OF CINCINNATI.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS. Julius Reis.
H. A. Smith, M. D.
H. Miller.
Rev. Chas. W. Wendte.
Daniel Wolf. Joseph Aub, M. D. Mrs. George Hunert. Frd'k Luckenheimer. Office: No. 2714 West Eighth Street, O. Anderson, M. D., Superintendent, Cinginnati, O., Dec. 2, 1882.

MESSES. EDITORS: I have, during my professional career of many years' practice, treated a large number of various disorders, of which, true, that the physician is generally greatly annoyed by this mysterious trouble, especially when the case is of hereditary origin. It is doubtless, the first stage of the well-known, but terrible Bright's disease, as the kidneys contain large quantities of albumen; and while children and young people are especially liable to its attacks, it is pre-

valent with all classes, and usually con-

tinues until late in life.

One obstinate case which came under my observation, was that of a fireman of this city who applied to me for treatment. The case was diagnosed parenchymatous nephritis. The man was twenty-four years of age; plethoric and light complected. He stated that he had uffered from urinary troubles from childhood, and that he had "doctored" a hundred times, each time improving some:after which, in a short while, he would relapse into his former state of misery. I prescribed the usual therapeutics known to the profession with the same result that my colleagues had obtained. He got better for a while and then worse again; in fact, so bad that he had to lay off for some time. He suffered intense pain; so much so that I confess I had to morphia. My druggist who knew how disgusted I was with the case, although not willing to desert the man, advised me to try a remedy from which he (the druggist) himself. had derived great benefit. As a drowning man catches at a straw, I prescribed this remedy, not letting my patient, however, know "It may be," he answered, "but—I doubt it."
"Well, good-bye," and Ruth held out her hand what I was giving him; and although medicines." I must confess that after my fireman had taken one bottle he grewmuch better. I made him continue its use for a period of two months, that.

"You will come again next summer, if—if I it really worked wonders and he after Jonas had driven the carry-all to the gate, and announced that he was ready if Ruth was.

"The declor a period of two months, with the most gratifying results; it really worked wonders and he owes his cure and present perfect health solely to the remarkable was. power of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, the remedy which I scribed and he used.

> Since the recovery of the man above mentioned, I have given considerable thought to the subject of acute neph-ritis, or kidney difficulty, and I find that its manifestations are most remarkable. It often appears without any spe-cial symptoms of its own, or possibly as a sequel to some other disease. It may be a sequel to scarlatina, diphtheria, and other illnesses, and even arise from pregnancy. The first symptoms frequently show themselves in the form of high, fierce and intense pains in the lumbar region, "the small of the back," troublesome micturitions and frequent changes in the color of the urine which at times diminishes preceptibly. If the urine is entirely suppressed, the case, probably will terminate fatally in a very few days. Dropsy is a consequence of the suppression of urine, and the se-vereness of it is governed by the pro-portion of retention. The nervous sysem becomes prostrated with subsequent convulsions and irregular circulation of the blood, which in my estimation, eventually might cause a diseased heart to give out. As I have remarked, in many kidney diseases—yes, even in Bright's disease itself—there is no perceptible pain in the back, and these troubles often assert themselves in various symptoms—for instance, in trouble-some diarrhœa, blood poison, impaired eyesight, nausea, loss of appetite, disordered digestion, loss of consciousness, husky voice and many other complaints too numerous to mention. Indeed thousands of people are suffering from the first stages of Bright's disease to-day, and they do not know it.

> In conclusion, I would like to state that I have, since my success with the fireman, repeatedly prescribed Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, and if my professional brethren could only be brought so far as to overcome their prejudice against proprietary medicines they would, undoubtedly, find them-selves recompensed for their supposed sacrifice of liberty, as well as by the the great benefits that would accrue to the world.

Most sincerely, O. ANDERSON, M. D., Superintendent. Revolution in Persian Agriculture.

Pall Mall Gazette.
Although there are almost statistics of the trade of Persia to be had, Mr. Dickson has contrived to get together some very interesting informa-tion, which is published in the last numtion, which is published in the last number of the Legation reports on trade. A certain revolution appears to have been going on in the agriculture of Persia, which has resulted in a great reduction in the production of silk and an increase in that of rice and opium. Silk was once the staple produce of Persia, and in its flourishing days as much as 20,000 bales of a weight of 1,400,000 pounds, worth £700,000, would have been exported, but not more than a fourth of that quantity is produced now.

The silk-worm disease played such havoe year by year that the peasants abandoned the cultivation. The place of silk in the export trade is therefore being rapidly assumed by opium, the zultivation of which has made enormons strides within the past ten years. Ispahan is the province where this drug chiefly made, but Shiraz and Kerman shah also grow the poppy. Within the past ten years the cultivation of the poppy has also increased tenfold in the prairies of Khorassan. Prices have in consequence fallen, and it is possible that losses reported to have been sustained by the exporters may check the trade. The entire crop of last year was estimated at 6,500 chests, of which 3,000 came from Ispahan. The local consumption is very small, so that, deducting 400 chests sent to London, the bulk of the crop goes to the Cnina market.

Using Arsenie for the Complexion.

ondon Lancet. It is necessary to raise a warning cry against a most mischievous statement which has recently been circulated, and has already done harm, to the effect that "arsenic in small doses is good for the complexion." It is not difficult to im-agine the risks women will incur to preserve or improve their "good looks." No more ingenious device for recommending a drug can be hit upon than that which the authors of this most baneful prescription of "arsenic for the complexion" have adopted. Suffice it to recall the fact that for many years past chemists and sanitarians have been aboring to discover means of eliminating the arsenical salts from the coloring matter of wail papers and certain dyes once largely used for certain articles of clothing.

It is most unfortunate that this hope lessly antagonistic recommendation of arsenic to improve the complexion should have found its way into print Those who employ the drug as advised -and there are many either using it or contemplating the rash act—will do so perhaps, none have given me trouble than the mysterious disease known as acute nephritis; and while it men to warn the public against this pernicious practice, which is only too perhaps. It is at their peril. So far as they are able, however, it will be the duty of medical not without reason that we speak thus pointedly and urge practitioners to be on the qui vive in anomalous or obscure

> A curious instance of the formidable ower of molecular forces is related by the Gazette Maritime et Commerciale. The Italian ship Francesca, loaded with rice had put in at East London leaking bad-A squad of workmen was put on oard to pump the vessel out and unload it; but in spite of all their diligence the rice absorbed the water faster than they could discharge it, and swelled until it burst the vessel to pieces.

At a Bad Time. Commander J. B. Coghlan, U. S. N. writes to us from the Navy Yard at Marc Island, Cal.—An enforced residence of two years in California made me the subject of most painful attacks of rheumatism. Consultation upon my case by eminent Naval and other surgeons failed o afford me the slightest relief. Dr. Hoyle recommended to me St. Jacobs resort to hypodermic injections of Oil, the happy result of the use of which was my complete and wonderful cure.— Washington (D. C.) Army & Navy Reg

Why is a dirty man like flannel? ause he shrinks from washing.

It is a dangerous thing to neglect cough or cold or any difficulty of the threat or lungs. Lose not a moment in getting a bottle of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. You can rely upon it to cure you. It is also a sure preventive of diphtheria.

The foundation of domestic happines is faith in the virtue of woman.

We advise every farmer or stock raiser to invest in Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Fouders and feed them out to their herds this winter. Depend upon it it will pay big interest. 'Don't buy the large packs as some of them are worthless.

Nature supplies the raw material, education is the manufacturer.

Arrears of Pay and Bounty.

Te Union soldiers reported on rolls as deserters. Act of August 7th, 1882. Increase of Pension. Thousands entitled under new laws which are more liberal. Send stamps for blanks to Stoddart & Co., 413 G street, Washington, D. C. Pension and Bounty Claims

specialty. 25c buys a pair of Lyon's Patent Heel Stiff-eners, makes a boot or shoe last twice as long Every one is eagle-eyed to see another's aults and deformity.

Virtue Acknowledged. Mrs. Ira Mulholland, Albany, N. Y., writes: "For several years I have suffered from oft-recurring billous headaches, constipation, dyspepsia, and complaints peculiar to my sex. Since using your BURDOOK BLOOD BITTERS I am entirely relieved." Price \$1.00.

What is that we often return but yet neve porrow! Thanks. Facts Speak for Themselves. C. R. Hall, Grayville, Ill., writes: "I never sold any medicine in my life that gave such universal satisfaction as Thomas' ECLECTRIC On. In my own case it cured a badly dicerated throat, and in threatened croup in my children it never failed to relieve."

How long did Cain hate his brother! As long as he was Abel. Sins of the Fathers Visited on the Chil-

dren.
Physicians say that scrofulous taint cannot radicated; we deny it "in toto." If you go brough a thorough course of Bundoux BLOOD BITTRIES, your blood will get as pure as you can wish. Price \$1.00.

The trees that are not most in the sun bear the sweetest fruit. Carboline, a natural hair restorer and dressing, as now improved and perfected, is pronounced by competent authority to be the best article ever invented to restore the vitality of youth to diseased and faded hair. Try it. Sold by all druggists.

The word "impossible" is the mother tongue of little souls. tongue of little souls.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sal low color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in month, internal heat or chills alternated with bot flushes, low spirits and gloomy forebodings, irregular appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from "torpid liver," only part of these symptoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has no equal, as it effects perfect and radical cures. At all drug stores.

Man cannot live exclusively by intelligence

Man cannot live exclusively by intelligence and self-love. Bad temper often proceeds from those pain-ful disorders to which women are subject. In female complaints Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favor-ite Prescription" is a certain cure. By all

The man who never excites envy never ex-Young or middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility, loss of memory, premature old age, as the result of bad habits, should send three stamps for Part. VII of Dime Series Pamphlets. Address World's Dispensary MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Endfalo, N. Y. WORDS OF WISDOM.

Nothing great was ever achieved withut enthusiasm.—Emerson.

We should look at the lives of all as at a mirror, and take from others an example for ourselves. - Tereuce. Imitation causes us to leave natural

ways to enter into artificial ones; It therefore makes slaves .- Dr. Vinet. Flattery is often a traffic of mutual meanness, where, although both parties intend deception, neither are deceived.

-Colton. A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part the kindness should begin on ours.—Tillot-

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday,-Feelings come and go like troops fol

lowing the victory of the present; but principles, like troops of the line, are undisturbed and stand fast.—Richter.

Neither a borrower, nor a lender he; For loan oft loses both itself and friend; And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry. —Shakspeare Though a soldier, in time of peace, is like a chimney in summer, yet what wise man would pluck down his chim-

ney because his almanae tells him the middle of June;—Tom Brown. After all, territory is but the body of a nation. The people who inhabit its nills and valleys are its soul, its spirit, its life. In them dwell its hope of immortality. Among them, if anywhere, are to be found its chief elements of destruction.—Garfield.

Life, believe, is not a dream
So dark as sages say;
Oft a little morning rain
Foretells a pleasant day.
—Charlotte Bronte.

O, blessed health! thou art above all gold and treasures; 'tis thou who enarges the soul, and openest all its powers to receive instruction, and to relish virtue. He that has thee, has little more to wish for! and he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants every hing with thee .- Sterne.

The most triffling actions that effect man's credit are to be regarded. The sound of your hammer at five in the norning or nine at night, heard by a reditor, makes him easy six months onger; but, if he sees you at a billiard table, or hears your voice at a tavern, when you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day. -Franklin.

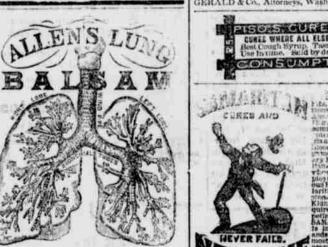
Man's character is an element of his wealth, and you cannot make him rich n what he has, except as you teach him to be rich in what he is.

Evolution in Hair Pins.

N. Y. Sun.

The hair pin of to-day is no more like its ancestor than is the enlightened man of science like the primeval monkey. Hair pins have "evoluted" out of the ld-fashioned straight wire into various shapes, sizes and designs. Most of them are enameled. They are of varying length, from the gossamer forks with corrugated limbs used to hold in place puffs and curls to the long pins equired to keep on the big hats whose broad brims present great temptations to the wind. They are made by machinery, and are so cheap that the poor-est women may enjoy the greatest vari-What becomes of the hair pins? They drop on the floors; they get swept up and lost; they become bent and useless, they disappear and are replaced,

and great factories are employed in making them. In a recent divorce case in New York the wife put in her com-plaint an allegation that she found a strange hair pin on her husband's piland sliench; will examine and report if patient Many years practice. Pumphlet free. N. W. F GERALD & Co., Attorneys, Washington, D. C.



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English Smartness. English papers like to talk about

Yankee cuteness, but the following from the London Echo goes to show that John Bull can occasionally be as "smart" as his cousins across the water: "Mr. Thomas Eagles, the honorary secretary of the Battersea Liberal Club and Association, one day last week re-ceived a post-card on which was written ceived a post-card on which was written as follows: "Have you seen the libel on you and your association in a book on "Speeches and Speeck-making," published by, etc? The book, price is, not worth 2d., was very naturally sent for, but not one word did it contain, libellous or otherwise, about either the association and club or its secretary.

First swell: By Jove, Fred, that is quite the highest collar I've struck yet. Second swell—think so, old man, I don't mind telling you; it's a little idea of my

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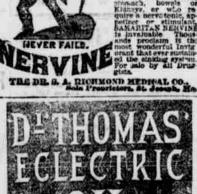
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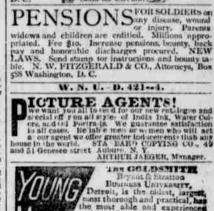
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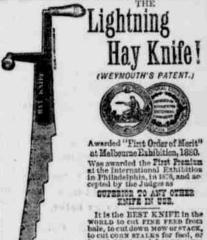
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